AMP

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April Showers, Temoc Flowers

Indian Food & Flicks

UV: Universally Vile

Live, Laugh, Luka Doncic

AMP

Editors' Desk

Too Queer for My Blood

Welcome back, Comets! We hope you spent spring break healing and are ready to jump into more exams than you should ever have to take in your life. If the Department of Education is going down for real this time, at least you'll be spared from the Testing Center.

Campus recently got a spotlight from the internet after a student attacked tabling members of TPUSA, an organization famously known for encouraging bigotry against marginalized groups every time they open their mouths. TPUSA leader Charlie Kirk wasted no time in taking the issue to Twitter and blaming the entire incident on trans people's inherent violent tendencies. While details on the reason for the assault are still unknown, spectators have used it as yet another reason to be viciously transphobic to the community at large.

This tendency to willingly harm queer spaces is, unfortunately, not new. The UT system recently reheated A&M's nachos to ban universities from sponsoring or hosting drag shows, following the pattern of executive orders against minority groups set and encouraged by Trump and Abbott. In an interview with the Texas Tribune, attorney Adam Steinbaugh from the Foundation for Individual Rights and Expression responded to this nonsense with the simple logic of "If drag offends you, don't buy a ticket," and we honestly couldn't agree more. Contrary to popular belief, you do not have to make it everyone else's problem when you don't like something, but you do have to respect their basic right to exist in peace.

To our LGBTQ+ friends, we stand by you and your right to be protected from negative rhetoric that sparks from one incident to define you in all others. We also highly encourage you to celebrate the colors of spring by carrying glitter in your pocket and throwing it at anyone who thinks they know your own identity better than you do. To the allies in our audience, Get More Woke Now. At the risk of sounding like a broken record, we're all going to need each other more than we think in the coming years. The only closet anyone should be in is Temoc's Closet, where your spring cleaning finds a new life and we make use of our best resource — each other.

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Have an opinion?
Think you're funny?

Write for *AMP*! Contact us at **ampatutd@gmail.com** and follow us on social media **@AMPatUTD** for more information.

AMP HOROSCOPE

Aries

No matter how heavy you think your wallet feels this month, always remember that you're a broke bitch and you'll die alone. Probably.

Taurus

Really, there's not a whole lot of difference between avoiding conflict and ending it. If you never speak to your parents again, do you really have any issues to resolve anymore?

Gemini

The stars want you to remember that it's not impostor syndrome if it's true. But it does mean you're really good at lying to people, so you've got that at least.

Cancer

Engage in self-care by leaving them before they can leave you. After all these years, it's finally your turn to give someone else abandonment issues.

Leo

You might find a lot of timid, early HRT trans women in your DMs this month. This is a fantastic chance to tap into your dominant side in the bedroom, so long as you can handle new and exciting ways to witness a girl be insecure about herself.

Virgo

Everything's going your way this month. Go buy 20 lottery tickets.

Libra

The stars want you to try something new. This is a good time to finally learn what gazpacho is. Or perhaps to stop being everyone else's useless fucking doormat, for once in your life.

Scorpio

Don't let the haters get to you. You may be an ontologically evil snake bitch, but you get results, dammit.

Sagittarius

You may feel like you're supposed to be fulfilled around now, even though you're not. The answer: not enough clown-themed sex in your life.

Capricorn

You've been putting a lot of yourself into something without any return. At least, that's what you've been telling yourself to justify hating the people you spend the most time with. Asshole.

Aquarius

How's coping with the death of your childhood dreams going? Have you turned to substances and risky sex like the rest of us yet?

Pisces

I'm not saying someone's going to "Cask of Amontillado" you this month, but like…I wouldn't be surprised.

SASHA WUU
junior | atec
aquarius sun, leo moon, taurus rising.

ARTIST: YIYI DING

OD FOR THOUGHT: DIAN CUISINE INSIGHTS

Badmaash Bar & Restaurant

Located in Northside Apartments, Badmaash Bar & Restaurant is the latest addition to the restaurants in UTD's vicinity. "Badmaash" is a word in Hindi and Urdu that roughly means mischievous, unruly, or notorious. As a full-time Indian who was often on the receiving end of this pejorative growing up, I decided to put to the test just how badmaash they are.

Their multilingual Indian party playlists can be heard from half a mile away every night, often drowning out the neighbouring bar's music. So far, a good sign in terms of badmaashi. Upon entering Badmaash Bar & Restaurant, however, all expectations are incinerated by the hostess station, the gaudy chandeliers, and a general neatness that does not belong in a bar. Indian families with senior citizens and children at the tables are a poor sign for badmaashi, but indicate possibly good food.

The enormous menu features a wide array of rice dishes, curries, kebabs, and other meaty appetizers. Based on the waiters' advice, the Deccan/South Indian items would be your best bet, which is suspicious considering the North Indian name. I ordered the Rajugari kodi, the karampodi chicken, and the chicken dum biryani. The chicken appetizers arrived, closely followed by the biryani, and the aroma was a pleasant surprise as I was beginning to lose hope. The karampodi chicken was doused in the spices promised. The meat was tender, with a crispy outer texture and rich flavour, with the overpowering tastes of red chilli powder and garlic blending perfectly. The Rajugari kodi delivered equally. It was slightly crunchier on the outside, just as tender inside, with crispy curry leaves, cashews, coriander, and onion flavours in the mix. Both the appetizers were deliciously spicy, though the karampodi chicken might be too high on the Scoville scale for some, so proceed with caution if you are American. Energised, I helped myself to the biryani and was utterly disappointed. This is one of my favourite dishes, so I have had a formidable amount of biryani in my lifetime, and the previous praise-worthy Deccan dishes had created expectations. The rice was not spicy, and the chicken even less so. Though the meat had been cooked to tenderness, it tasted woefully bland. The rice tasted like it had missing ingredients and there were zero whole spices to be found in the bowl. The saalan that came with the biryani was just as tasteless, unless you are especially fond of tasting oil. The raita lacked salt, was too thick, and was not enough. It was also too little biryani for $14. The appetizers, in contrast, had good portion sizes.

In conclusion, Badmaash Bar & Restaurant has zero badmaashi, to the point that you can take your parents and your children at the same time. If you do bother going, just buy the appetizers.

food: 6.5/10 price: 6/10 vibe: 4/10

Kuppanna

Kuppanna in Plano is one of two branches this prestigious south Indian establishment has opened in DFW. Their story began around ten thousand miles away, in the hilly riverside city of Erode in India. Homegrown culinary experts Mrs. Rukmani and Mr. Kuppusamy opened Kuppanna, a restaurant serving Kongu Nadu food.

Kongu Nadu is a south Indian region where the food places heavy emphasis on the intricate blending of spices, and rice takes centre stage, with maida flour playing second fiddle. I was initially skeptical about Kuppanna because Indian franchise restaurants in the US tend to make their money from watered-down renditions of their food back home. However, Kuppanna's menu looked authentic and promising.

The location was densely packed, with tables close together and portraits of the founders watching us dine. I ordered a mutton kari dosa, chicken kothu parotta, and idiyappam with chicken salna. The food arrived shortly, with an aroma that begged me to help myself immediately. The kari dosa looked beautiful and tasted divine. The layers of dosa, egg, and meat seamlessly combined into an explosion of flavours in my mouth. The mutton keema was perfectly fried, having been given the right amount of time to absorb all the spices while gaining the ideal texture. Served with a chunky coconut chutney on the side, the mutton kari dosa was a clear win. I directed my enthusiasm towards the chicken kothu parotta. However, upon digging in, I had to stop in my tracks. For the uninitiated, kothu parotta is not a dish served cold. It is also a fairly simple, common dish, so I did not expect to find anything wrong here. However, this was somehow cold and too dry, which resulted in an undesired chewiness. There was a good amount of vegetables, but it did not seem to have enough meat. After having finished half the bowl, the rest seemed rather unappetising. I moved on from this setback with the idiyappam and salna, and it was a restoration of hope, love, and peace upon the world. The idiyappam — gloriously fluffy, white, and ever so slightly sweet — was clearly freshly steamed. Garnished with coriander leaves, the chicken salna had a delectable consistency. The precise inclusion of coconut and tomato was evident in its outstanding flavour. The chicken was carefully cooked, the tender meat nearly falling off the bones. The delicious idiyappam and chicken salna immediately raised my spirits after the waste of $13 that was the kothu parotta.

I must say, Kuppanna's Plano branch successfully delivers on the rich, spicy, South Indian flavours I grew up eating. The food tastes authentic and feels like it has soul. While the chicken kothu parotta may have been a disappointment, there is much to be enjoyed here. I stamp it as a worthwhile destination for anyone seeking South Indian food in DFW.

SHER KHAN
sophomore | atec
part-time photographer, part-time radio host, full-time Jarritos enjoyer

food: 8.5/10 price: 7/10 vibe: 6/10

FEATURE

AMP WATCHES: BOLLYWOOD BINGE

Usually when we picture the quintessential college experience, singing and dancing in large choreographed groups to upbeat music isn't on that list. This is because most of us don't live in a Bollywood film. We at *AMP* believe this is quite tragic. Wouldn't it be great if the answer to all your problems was to just do a little jig with your pals and sing your troubles away? Maybe with some extremely absurd yet entertaining side-plots thrown in? Isn't that what college is all about? Well, it SHOULD be. Join us as we delegate two idiots to become students of the year in our own right, following a couple merry bands in their (not entirely accurate) collegiate lives. Without further ado: chalo!

CONTENT WARNING: mentions of suicide, discussions of mental health

3 IDIOTS (2009)

With great sadness I'll admit: I'm terribly inexperienced when it comes to watching Bollywood films. You can imagine my surprise when I queued up "3 Idiots" for the first time and was met with the most batshit crazy, comedic, yet heartfelt musical experience I'd ever seen.

I loved this movie. I was confounded by it and even had to pause at several spots just to check that I was still watching the same movie, but I loved this movie. While the story is ridiculous, it keeps its core themes of mental health and education reform at the center of the stage throughout its nearly three-hour-long runtime. The narrative jumps back and forth between this friend group's college days and their modern lives, which occasionally made it difficult to keep up with, but the film's tone was so wacky and charming that it kept my attention anyway.

So, "3 Idiots" follows the story of our titular 3 idiots — Farhan, Raju, and Rancho — as they navigate their days in university together at the Imperial College of Engineering. Ten years pass and they all attempt to reunite with each other, with Farhan and Raju accompanying one of their former classmates on a road trip across India to locate Rancho, who went missing immediately after graduation.

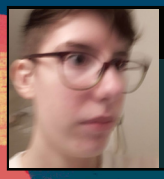
Flashing back to the trio's first day of university, Rancho immediately establishes himself as a natural-born genius when he rescues the freshman class from a bunch of seniors doing a hazing ritual. Man, remember hazing? I sure don't! And thank god for that, because all of these fellas are forced to drop trou and do whatever their seniors say, unless they want to get… pissed on? Hmm. Hazing has always felt strangely homoerotic to me. Anyway, Rancho is accepted as a man of the people when he hides from the seniors and engineers a device that electrocutes them if they pee on it. Afterwards, Rancho befriends Farhan and Raju, who both look up to his innovative way of thinking.

Not long after this we're introduced to our antagonist, a surly principle named Dr. Viru "Virus" Sahastrabuddhe, who has extremely strict and bullheaded beliefs when it comes to studying, deadlines, and the mental wellness (or lack thereof) of his students. This comes to a head after the first big musical number of the film concludes — a joyous anthem about how reassuring yourself that "all is well" can give you the courage to face your fears — and we're met with the sight of a student that has hung himself in his dorm room. The tone switch here is insanely abrupt, but that's precisely what makes it hit so hard.

This is when the film really begins to hammer home its views on mental health, specifically within Indian universities. Rancho makes suggestions on how to teach the students more effectively and points out not only where the issues are in the education system, but in society as a whole. He asks questions that no other students are asking, and he'll often talk back to his superiors when he gets in trouble. Rancho is portrayed as such a wise and worldly guy that it's almost ridiculous how many things he gets away with. Near the end of the movie he delivers a freaking baby on a ping-pong table with a vacuum cleaner — and NO that's not me using hyperbole, that's literally what happens. For all its somber and bittersweet moments, this film has some of the most absurd writing I've ever seen.

Speaking of somber moments, the story's biggest low point comes when Raju eventually makes his own

BRIANNE BITAR
junior | atec
pun maestro and 'weird but true!' fact enjoyer
ARTIST



MICKEY DOLPHIN
senior | atec
Bloodborne (2015) made me transgender but not in a way that's comprehensible
WRITER

suicide attempt. He's pressured to betray his friends so he can graduate, and he jumps from Virus' office window when faced with the choice. We watch his long, difficult recovery and see how his friends stick by him even when all seems hopeless. It makes everyone's desperation to find Rancho in the present day all the more understandable.

On the final leg of their quest to find Rancho, the friends learn that Rancho's identity was actually falsified so he could attend university. Despite this, they manage to track him down in the far north of Ladakh, where he's founded a school for people of all backgrounds and interests to study what they're passionate about. He's like some kind of modern-day Buddha — it's bonkers how well everything works out for this guy in the end. The friends all joyfully reunite and we come away with the moral lesson that education is a journey, not a race, and that people should be allowed to pursue whatever they want. A pretty great lesson in my book!

This film is a roller coaster. It'll have you yelling at your screen in equal parts joy and shock, it'll make you reevaluate your entire career as a student, and most importantly, it'll teach you how to electrocute someone with their own piss. That's really all we care about here. As far as we're concerned, "3 Idiots" passes its exams with flying colors, so go ahead and give it a chance!

STUDENT OF THE YEAR (2012)

Full disclosure, I made it nearly 22 years of my very Desi life having never watched this movie. The only familiarity I had with it until recently was the music video for "Radha," one of the plot-driving dance numbers, and a general awareness that everyone who watched "Student of the Year" would have preferred that the two male components of the love triangle ended up together instead.

Our story is told by a group of students reminiscing on their days at St. Theresa's, an elite high school where the financial divide is so strong that all cliques fall under two umbrella groups of rich and poor. Our main friend group is almost entirely composed of ABCs — affluent brats and their companions. Yes, actually. Within this group is the central love triangle, made of three cliché points. Rohan Nanda, popular playboy son to an affluent but unsupportive father, Shanaya Singhania, resident pretty mean girl and Rohan's girlfriend, and Abhimanyu Singh, new heartthrob from a poor, broken family who used to need a job and is therefore a bum. Obviously.

The reminiscing occurs in a hospital waiting room, where the friends are summoned to see their former dean before he passes. Dean Yogi is, for all intents and purposes, an icon. He's funny, unabashedly queer with a copy of GQ in his desk, and is not subtle at all about his crush on the coach. Oh, and he's the creator of the annual Student of the Year competition — a three-part tournament where the winning student in the treasure hunt, dance, and triathlon gets an exclusive scholarship to an international Ivy League funded by Rohan's father. It's cutthroat to the highest level — but that won't affect our beloved friend group, right?

SNEHA RAGHAVAN
senior | its
spiritually a mix of Poo from K3G and Sandy from Om Shanti Om
WRITER

Wrong. Extremely. But before that, Rohan and Abhi have a rivalry that lasts about five minutes before they each realize the other has a genuine personality beyond rich brat and poor outcast. They very quickly become campus eye candy and each other's confidantes about everything. They're the favorites of each other's families, have deep conversations about their aspirations, and constantly make jokes about kissing each other when emotional. If all of that sounds super not-platonic, that's the point. More on that later.

Their friendship goes downhill when the friends go to a wedding in Rohan's family, where Shanaya and Abhi fall into a fake-dating scheme to make Rohan jealous enough to pay more attention to Shanaya. This works, but all that fake dating turns into real feelings for Abhi, who works through his emotions using the very healthy method of Not Thinking About Them.

The group returns from the wedding in time for the Student of the Year competition, and they very quickly derail from teasing friends to cutthroat competitors while pretending that's not what they're doing. In the midst of confronting their friendship, we finally meet the competition-within-the-competition. Abhi, trying but failing to deal with every emotion in the world after his grandma's passing and his confusion about Shanaya, makes the mistake of not backing away when she kisses him. Rohan walks in exactly at this moment, and the boys battle it out while Shanaya blatantly calls them out for not caring about her feelings as much as they care about each other's. She's right — Rohan and Abhi barely notice their mutual lack of girlfriend but vehemently fall back into rivalry with each other.

As they move into the dance competition at prom, the friend group is holding on by threads. Prom becomes a Chipettes-style dance-off where most of the group gets eliminated — except for Rohan and Abhi, who reiterate how mad they are at each other by dancing and making intense eye contact. Their final face-off comes during the last leg of the triathlon, where the first runner to reach the finish line claims the trophy and scholarship. After neck-and-neck anticipation, Rohan takes the win, but he denounces the prize in favor of spiting his father for betting against him the entire time.

Though the competition ends, the friends don't make up until they meet in the hospital 10 years later. Rohan turns up, glowing as the musician he always dreamed to be, and very quickly loses his mind when Abhi turns up married to Shanaya for some reason. They battle it out *again*, during which Abhi insists that Rohan can't be this mad at him over his ex, and he's right! Rohan reveals that what's actually eating at him is that Abhi threw the competition to let him win, thereby allowing Rohan to earn his spotlight. You read that right. Rohan spent 10 years thinking about his platonic best friend's feelings, and Abhi lost a life-changing scholarship to show his platonic best friend off in front of his judgemental father. With all secrets out, the boys end with a rematch race, but not before making a lot of eye contact and talking about kissing each other. Again.

Overall, "Student of the Year" is definitely a movie for when you want to watch something without thinking too much. Or at all. We all need a cliquey, chaotic romance to zone out to once in a while. That said, what I really didn't foresee is that it is just so gay. I truly thought the "Rohan and Abhi should've been together" thing would be fun subtext, but the entire movie is unbelievably queercoded. I'm genuinely surprised older audiences wrote it off as "just jokes between guys," as is the fate of most queer references in older Indian media. With this much focus on a best-friends-but-more dynamic and a dean whose final act in life is flirting with a guy, "Student of the Year" could've been so woke if they committed to the bit. In my brain, this movie is the ridiculous enemies-to-lovers indulgence it should've been all along.

RATFORD RIVALS

My dear Comet children,

Happy April! I'm sure you're all busy with studying and whatnot, but I've heard that some of you, at some point during the month, will take a quick break to touch grass and hunt for eggs outside. I'm a little surprised the prospect of free eggs is what finally did it – but who could blame you in this economy? Really, I'm just glad you'll touch some grass. I hope those of you who participate have fun, but I will sadly not be joining you. This may surprise you, but I actually have a longstanding rivalry with the Easter Bunny.

What do you have against bunnies?

I love bunnies! That's actually the point. I built the res hall bunnies five beautiful houses, but when the freshmen moved in and the bunnies were in their moment of need, where was the Easter Bunny? Nowhere! He doesn't care for the community. Additionally, he perpetuates and profits from the idea that bunnies are easy and cute animals to take care of, leading to a bunch of Easter adoptions and post-Easter surrenders. Is that good for bunnies?

Even so, you have so much in common!

No????? Sure, we're both famous small critters, but that's about where that ends. I came up from literally nothing and have built myself up over the eons. He walked onto the scene in the 18th century and was an immediate looks hire. I have a refined palette for cheese developed over centuries of sampling, he still has a child's taste for chocolate and jellybeans. And he only has a dozen ex-wives! Rookie numbers.

VANESSA TREVINO
junior | angm
artist
ARTIST

Dude, you sound parasocial.

On the contrary! I actually had the displeasure of meeting him once at the Met Gala. As we were dining and making merry he kept complaining that his entrée, a single quarter wedge of lettuce, was "bland." Some people just can't appreciate the beauty of unprocessed food, SMH. And besides, they gave me some absolutely divine cheese popcorn, so I'm sure his food couldn't actually have been all that bad.

You were at the Met Gala?

Well, it might have been a UTD banquet, but the point stands. Anyways, we ended up talking later and dear God he just yaps about himself and his stupid mascot gig he has because of his stupid pretty eyes and stupid soft fur and stupid – I had to actually work for my position, you know! And apparently the whole thing is "hard on [him]" and he really "needs a friend who gets it." Honestly, the whole midnight walk we went on after the dinner was such a snoozefest. Which is why I fell asleep on his... couch... the minute we got back to his apartment afterwards.

You what?

As I said, such a snoozefest. And for whatever friendship I thought we had, he hasn't even talked to me since! Not that I care, of course; us doing breakfast together the morning after was just so I could show off my famed pancake-making skills. He didn't even give me his number, so clearly it wasn't that serious.

Actually, it looks like this piece of mail was from him. Looks hand-written, too.

It doesn't matter. He's missed his chance, and I, I... look, I have ex-wives to ignore.

*...*opens the letter**

RAINIER PEDERSON

junior | biochem

occasional haver of good ideas, frequent haver of very funny ideas

WRITER

As a supernatural poltergeist that haunts the halls of Hoblitzelle… well, Hall, I've been taking an interest in what kids these days call "horror". Now, me being an evil, demented demon of darkness, horror is normal to me — just a glimpse into my dark messed up mind. In fact, you little boys and girls don't even KNOW what true horror is, what it means to be afraid and vulnerable. You guys think "Nosferatu" was scary? To me, that movie was a kids show! I'll give you real horror, if you think you can handle it. Come and hear the horrifying tales of the dastardly and depraved, a set of most disgusting and horrific people to ever exist, a group of people so uncaring, so selfish as to disregard the safety of those around them. And the worst part? They live amongst us, wearing the flesh of your fellow classmates and students… these are the stories of YOUR TERRIBLE ROOMMATES!

VYSHNAV VIJISH
junior | electrical engineering
Hold on to what if!
WRITER

NAT HUANG
junior | atec
I'm the man behind the sl-art-er
ARTIST

THE DARK DEPTH UNIVERSITY VILLA

THE BRAIN EATING BACTERIA... FROM THE SINK!

This first tale begins like many others — a group of unlikely associates come together, forced to dwell with each other by decree of the university's housing system. At first, these fellows get along well. They speak to each other and create a chore chart. The business analytics major vacuums, finding ample time to do it with his light workload, the ATEC major, despite spending his nights toiling away at his computer, manages to wipe down the surfaces at least once a week, and the actuarial sciences major can still manage to take out the trash before it overflows. The comp sci major, however… he did his best — for a while. But the grind of the semester began to take its toll on him. The other roommates were too busy animating, partying, or doing math to notice, but eventually, the tower of unwashed dishes soon stood as tall as LeBron Raymone James and slanted harder than the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Before semester's end, one brave student decided to take the plunge, standing tall before him was the tower of dishes, almost glowing with some type of unknown substance… and as he plunged his hand into the pile he felt something… moving. He looked down to see a slimy green substance crawling up into an open wound on his arm. He shook as they entered his bloodstream and everything went dark. He awoke on his bed, sitting up to rub his eyes. He decided it was just a dream and he went about his day, but something lingered in the back of his mind, some odd desire to play League of Legends. It only grew and grew until it consumed him whole, taking up all the brainspace he had and devouring his hopes and dreams, leaving him a hopeless League-addicted husk of the man he once was. Some say he's still there in his room to this day — playing League and hard stuck in silver, I hope for his sake he's moved on from this mortal plane.

S OF AGE...

THE TOILET GHOSTS OF THE RESIDENT HALLS!

Many of you may have heard of the Korean toilet ghost, also known as Cheuksin. They're long-haired, vengeful creatures that, of course, live in a toilet. These creatures are notorious for inhabiting the dorm toilets, well known for their powerful, almost violent, flushing. Many believe this to be a plumbing issue; perhaps they're engineered to be so strong so as to suction in any and all excrement the way a black hole sucks in everything short of your mother. But that's not the truth. The truth is that those toilets are inhabited by Cheuksin… and boy are they really, REALLY angry about the freshmen using them. In fact, that's what leads to the ground-shaking flushing that the toilets produce, it's the Cheuksin's way of screaming at the residents to stop using the toilet. But sometimes, the ghosts get a little extra quirky at night, and this story is about one ghost that got so quirky they just decided that they were literally done taking any shit.

So, the next time that ghost's poor unsuspecting resident went to the potty palace, she decided to leave a message, one that couldn't be ignored — she violently flushed as hard as she could, flinging the mess every which way, leaving a truly stomach curdling sight! Except, as soon as this happened, the resident was already out of the room and playing "Balatro" in his damp bedroom. This was understandably not the reaction she had hoped for, but the next day the bathroom was not cleaned up, so she decided she had no choice but to try again! Only for the whole process to repeat. After three days, the room was unrecognizable, and even she, the toilet ghost, could no longer bear the sight of it. She simply accepted the fact she wouldn't be heard. And so she cleaned up the bathroom, and returned to her old submissive ways of violently flushing down all excrement. The true horror of this story was how it feels to be ignored and unheard.

THE SNAKEMEN THAT LIVE WITHIN HUMAN SKINSUITS...?

Now you might be confused as to what this could possibly mean — but these are the worst and most horrifying things you may encounter here in your time living on campus. Whether it's Northside, University Village, Canyon Creek, or even off campus, these are creatures that could be anyone you live with. They've infected many unsuspecting roommates, turning them into selfish cretins. Simply put, once they're taken, they become snakes, and the worst part? These are usually your friends that you've decided to room with — otherwise there'd be no use in taking them over, because then they can't laugh in your face and derive pleasure from it. Whether it be taking your food, your money, or anything else you find valuable, they'll do it with a smile on their face and they'll stare straight at you with soulless eyes, convincing you that they're still your friend.

These other tales…. Perhaps they're a little embellished, or perhaps they're not really real at all, it's hard to say what stories are true after a few decades. But if there's any story you should believe in, it's this one. After all, it's never unreasonable to think your enemies may be closer than you think.

On another note, take the time to thank your kinder roommates. The ones that take out the trash on time, the ones that do the dishes and clean the bathroom even though it's a pain in the ass. They make life just a little better for all of us and show that being a good person might not be that hard after all. Maybe living with 3 other guys all the time isn't so horrifying — give it a chance.

u/GladosFckr69 - 12 days ago

AITA for Screwing Over my Friend's Housing and Ending our Friendship?

So I (18M), my friend Victor (20M), and his girlfriend Jess (18F) are all university students, and we were planning on living with our other friend Daniel (18M) next school year in an on-campus apartment. We have been planning this since November. However, Victor and I have been talking for a few weeks, and we both have our reservations about living with Daniel. He's always trying to fit us into his schedule so that we can hang out between the times when he has classes and work. None of us have hard classes or jobs, so we don't have that issue, and it pisses me off that he has actual responsibilities! It really feels like he's just trying to seem better than us with all of the stuff he does, and it's holding us back from being a good friend group. Altogether, Victor and I just don't want to live with him for this.

Well, yesterday was the last day to sign up for roommate groups, and Victor and I decided to tell Daniel that we weren't going to room with him. However, we only told him this after the window for making a roommate group had closed. It's not like we meant to do that or anything, we just hadn't found any good opportunities before then. Except for when we saw him earlier that day, before the window closed, I guess. But it wouldn't have been as fun if we told him then. On top of that, we texted him this while he was at work, and we knew that he couldn't check his phone.

So, he saw the text this morning. He was pissed, and called us assholes, which really upset me. I just don't understand how he can be so mad; all we did was screw around with his housing situation a little bit! When he got mad at us, I tried to calm him down with some silly emojis and told him "calm down, it ain't that serious!" For some reason, though, that didn't work. When he stayed mad, Jess took him out of our group chat, and our entire friend group blocked him so that he couldn't spread his negative energy. However, one of Daniel's other friends DM'd some of us and said that we were in the wrong for ruining his living situation like that, and now I'm starting to have some second thoughts.

So, AITA for screwing over my friend?

u/SexuallyRepressedElecEngnr - 12 days ago

NTA. It seems like none of your friend group liked him anyway since they were all willing to block him immediately. He shouldn't have reacted so poorly to having his housing messed with if he didn't wanna be blocked.

20K Reply Share ···

u/TheDayquilRider - 12 days ago

Is this a joke? Obviously YTA. Did you even have, like, any actual reasons? Or did you just decide you don't like him anymore?

-2 Reply Share ···

u/GladosFckr69 - 12 days ago

🤣

u/PoliticallyNeutralFedora - 11 days ago

NTA, if I was one of your other friends I'd never speak to him again, and completely trust every word you say about him.

1.4K Reply Share ···

YIYI DING

sophomore | atec

sold my soul to the adobe suite (oh and also the devil)

ARTIST

u/GladosFckr69 - 2 days ago

UPDATE: AITA for Screwing Over my Friend's Housing and Ending our Friendship?

Wow, I never expected my post to blow up. Thank you to everyone for all your feedback, other than the irrational losers who thought that I was TA. A lot has happened in the last few days. For one, when we and a bunch of our friends walked past Daniel on the street the other day, I decided to try to start a fight with him, hoping I could get him to hit me so I could get him arrested. I made eye contact and started laughing like a maniac to get his attention. It didn't work, because all he did was angrily yell at me for a minute (he still believes that I'm TA I guess) before leaving, instead of getting in a fight with me like I wanted. After that, we made sure to block him on every platform we could, since it didn't seem like we were going to be able to make his life worse with an assault charge.

It's been another week or so since then, and I just heard from a friend that he didn't end up getting housing for next year at all. I'm really happy that our university has such a screwed up housing system, so that us messing with his roommate situation can do so much damage to his life. He may potentially be going several thousand more dollars in debt and having to work for years to pay it off? And on top of that, we got the exact apartment we wanted without him? Universities truly are a wonderful place. Thanks to everyone for your kind words, and I'll update if we decide to pull any more fun tricks on him again!

42K 6.8K Share

u/NoShowerCompSci - 1 day ago

Still NTA. Daniel's getting everything he deserves for trying to be upset about an honest mistake you made! If he wants to be a douche to you for something as small as jeopardizing his entire housing and financial situation, then the best thing you can do is point your middle finger right at him and say "Fuck you!"

1.4K Reply Share ...

u/DramselPam - 2 days ago

Yeah man, NTA. It seems like he really deserved to be blindsided like this, and for all of his friends to ditch him without a word. I know I'd be literally running away from him if I was one of them and I saw him, even if he was obviously ignoring me.

u/TheDayquilRider - 1 day ago

Oh, are all of your posts just re-animated scenes from monster movies with no quality or consistency? I don't know if I trust your takes very much based on the derivative stuff you make.

0 Reply Share ...

u/TransLichenGuy - 1 day ago

I'm pretty sure all these guys saying NTA are just your friends or bot accounts, because this is one of the most obvious YTA cases ever, right? Am I crazy?

4 Reply Share ...

u/GladosFckr69 - 22 hrs. ago

Hey shut up, I'm trying to farm Karma here.

BLOOD DRIVE

I've been pro-life my entire life. Staunchly. I firmly believe that the life of a person outweighs a person's right to convenience. Before you jump at me, I promise I hold a level of integrity to this – I am anti-war, in favor of social services, have signed up to be an organ donor, and donate my own A+ blood frequently. Let none of this be in question. I am so committed to the preservation of life, in fact, that I have devoted my entire life up to this point to becoming a doctor and now find myself in my first year of residency in a rural Texas hospital.

The rural Texas setting is much different than the liberal northeast of my upbringing, but I welcome it. The guns, for obvious reasons, I'm not a fan of, but other than that I've found myself surrounded by people who are similarly committed to life over convenience. In fact, they are more committed to this principle than the majority of their fellow Texans.

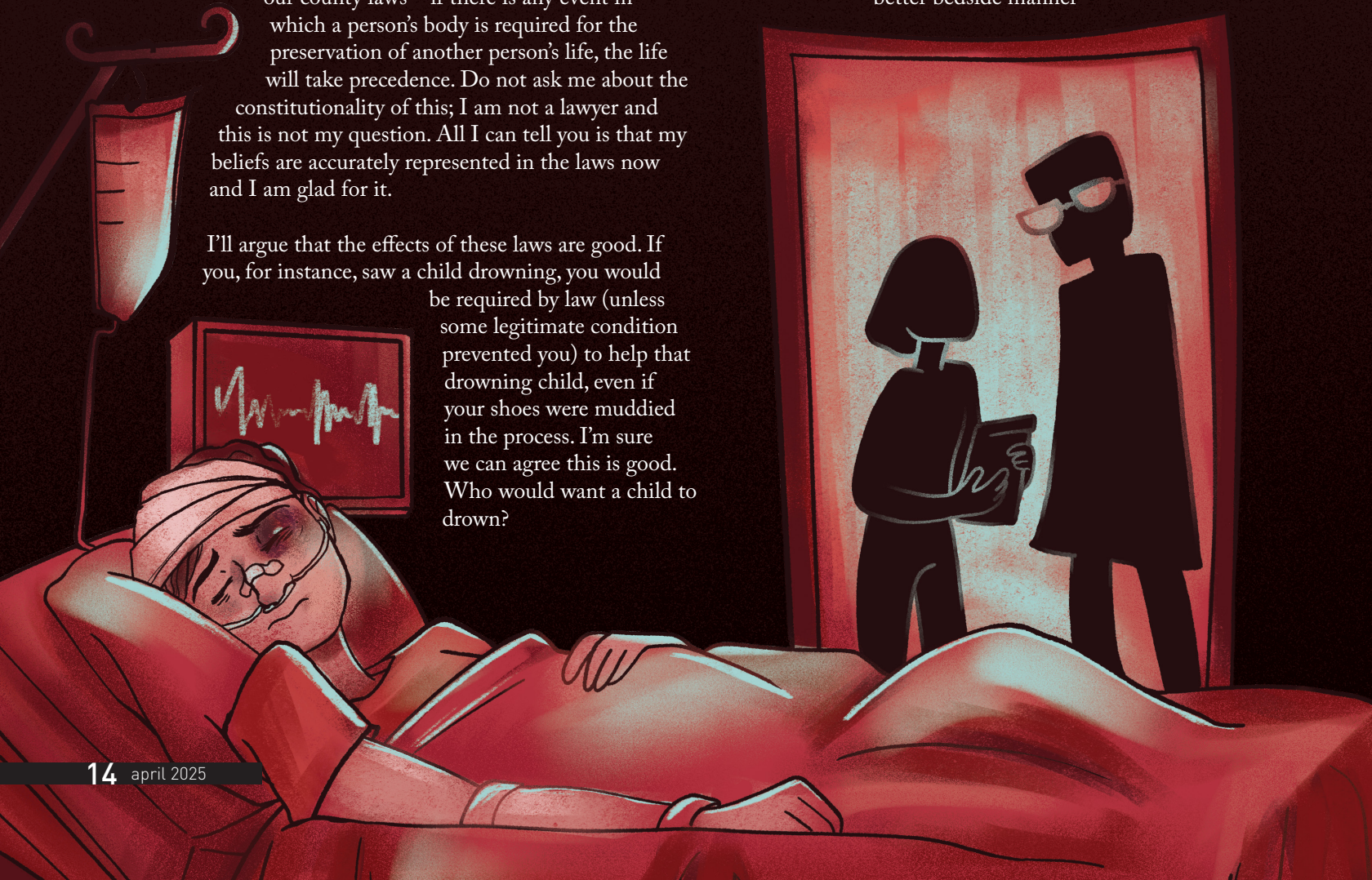
We actually enshrined this principle of life into our county laws – if there is any event in which a person's body is required for the preservation of another person's life, the life will take precedence. Do not ask me about the constitutionality of this; I am not a lawyer and this is not my question. All I can tell you is that my beliefs are accurately represented in the laws now and I am glad for it.

I'll argue that the effects of these laws are good. If you, for instance, saw a child drowning, you would be required by law (unless some legitimate condition prevented you) to help that drowning child, even if your shoes were muddied in the process. I'm sure we can agree this is good. Who would want a child to drown?

But to my residency. While I'm training to go into Emergency Medicine, my rounds have me shadowing all sorts of different doctors and following all sorts of patients. One of the most impactful was towards the beginning of my residency – a case of two teenagers, students at the local high school. The night after their homecoming dance, they had sex, not realizing at the time that the condoms they used were expired. When the girl missed one period, she assumed it was the stress of tests or the fluctuating hormones of a growing body. But as one month stretched into two, she grew more and more worried, until her boyfriend finally took her to see us.

I'm sure I don't have to explain the rest, but I will.

The doctor I was shadowing – a mother herself, who saw something of her children in the patients and had much better bedside manner



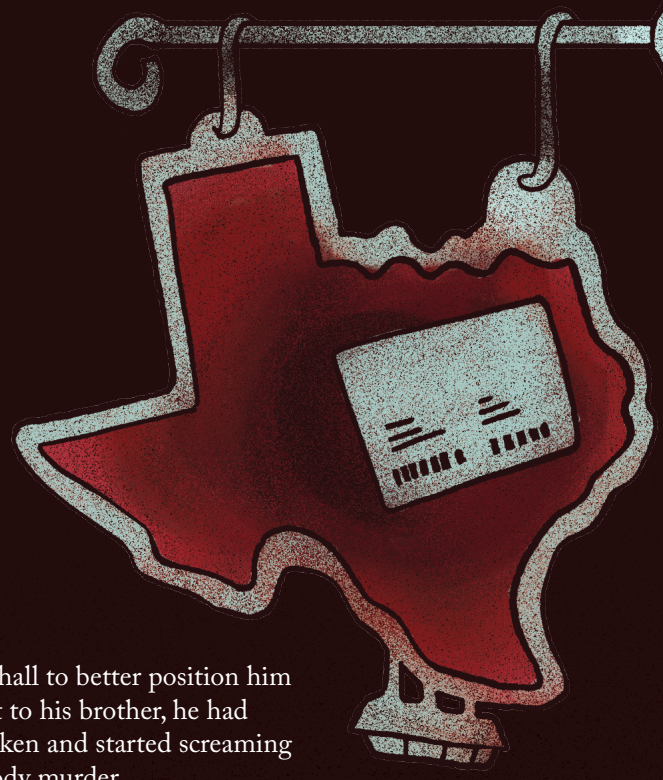
than I do – was tasked with breaking the news to them. I was just there to help with tests. While an abortion at this stage would have been significantly safer to the young mother than continuing the pregnancy, you'll remember that we were still in Texas, and thus they were sent away with some vitamins and a small "What To Expect When You're Expecting" pamphlet.

I don't know what happened to them. But their graduation, their college ambitions, all the rest – we've already established to be subservient to the life of the fetus. Truthfully, I find myself less set on the "heartbeat" definition of viability than my neighbors, but if we grant that this is a life then surely this was the legally and morally consistent action.

I say all this to contextualize the next case, presented to me at 3am just today. Two brothers – Bob and David – who hated each other dearly came in just around the same time, rolling into emergency rooms across the hallway from one another. The cause? David had been driving along at night and Bob's car T-boned his brother's. Both loudly swore the other party had instigated whatever had occurred. The profanities and assignment of blame echoed through the hospital until both men passed out in the exhaustion of it all.
In the silence of the sterile hospital night, I am not here to play judge or jury. I am simply here as the anti-executioner.

The facts relevant to me, as a preserver of life, is that Bob had lost more blood in the ordeal than David had. Bob was O-, and therefore required O- blood. Our own stockpile had just run out, but there was a perfectly fine source of O- blood in the room just across the hall.

Strapping David to the bed was easy enough – he was asleep and didn't notice. By the time we got to wheeling him across the hall to better position him next to his brother, he had awoken and started screaming bloody murder.



But, willing or not, his brother's life was at stake. If we've agreed in the case of the fetus, then surely we agree here. Bob certainly has as much, if not more, claim to personhood than the teenagers' child. Why should we find the forced use of David's body objectionable here?

So I'll kindly ask you to relax. I've drawn blood a thousand times before, this will barely hurt. It's just a small pinch. You'll find yourself drifting back off to sleep – you're too tired to do much else at this point. There's a non-zero risk of death, sure, but there is in everything, is there not? But right now, your body is much more useful for parts than as a whole and part of you. Shhh.

Just close your eyes.

And sleep.

RAINIER PEDERSON
junior | computer science
I'm so tired, I can't sleep. I'm anemic royalty.
WRITER

BARBARA GANDICA MARTINEZ
senior | atec
In a mission to increase my cardigan collection
ARTIST

A Maverick's Lament

UTD PD is currently investigating what appears to be the disappearance of a UTD student. The student, whose name will not be disclosed due to privacy concerns, was very active in their community before the NBA season began. Since then, however… we're afraid the following voice memos found on the student's phone are clues to their eventual fate.

MEMO ONE

Water. All I can see is water. From my feet to the horizon lies an azure blue world. The motionless water reflects the heavens with a clarity that makes its surface look like a portal to another world. I stare deep into the water, and then I glimpse something beneath the waves, someone that takes my breath away. Is it him? Is it my GOAT?

"LUKA! LUKAAA!," I scream until my vocal cords fold under the weight of my own voice. It's been so long, but if there's even a chance it's him, I have to take it. Adrenaline floods my veins as I dive into the great sky under the sea, just to get another glimpse of that Luka magic.

"LUKAAA—"

I wake up screaming. The pallid rays of the morning sun sift through the window onto my face in an attempt to pacify me as they color my room a dull, numbing gray, but the fire of my heart burns a brighter sapphire for the Mavs. That flame begins to waver as I think about the trade. *That* trade. I try to avoid it, but I have to face reality: my GOAT is gone.

Last month, the Mavs traded Luka for Anthony Davis because Luka was "out of fitness." Since then, I've had to witness my PrizePicks account get taken out back and shot through the head 77 times as Kyrie and AD keep getting injured, leaving the Mavs' court inhabited by benchwarmers. As my parlays keep getting spontaneously aborted, I have to watch as Luka cements his place as Lebron's successor. Bronnie may be King James' biological child, but when it comes to bucket-getting it's as if LeGOAT conceived, gestated for two months, considered getting an abortion, got talked out of an abortion, gestated for seven more months, and then gave birth to the Don. Luka's balling out like never before with the Lakers, reaching highs he never did for us, for *me*.

I hobble over to my fridge and chef up something to assuage my pain (chicken tenders in the air fryer). I sit down with my food and think about all of the other things in my life. I've been applying to hundreds of internships, but none of my applications have materialized into anything yet. I keep sleeping through all my classes, and I just *know* that I failed my exam yesterday. Right now, life is pretty bleak. There's no light in this tunnel I find myself in, but then I turn on my TV and watch some Luka edits and everything becomes okay as he dashes around the court, carefully skirting around his opponents in a dance of brilliant blue and makes the shot. He was the light of my life, and all I can think about is how he came back for me last night. I need to see him again. I have to go back.

MEMO TWO

I am… different. The water has changed me. Two nights after my last memo, when the moon was high and the stars were low, I found myself awake once more in that mysterious, watery, phantasmagorical dreamscape. I looked up and found myself face-to-face with him as he stood on the still water. He was wearing a white and blue jersey with the number 77 emblazoned on the back. His countenance was steady yet inviting, and he glowed pale like porcelain. He had a lanky frame engineered to maximize his ability to put balls into hoops, along with a bit of a tactical paunch — emergency energy he could call upon in case a game started getting rough. He stared at me with a piercing gaze that was inviting yet intimidating, but I could feel it. I belonged here, with my GOAT. Right as I began walking towards him, I saw his lips part as sound began to spill out of his mouth.

"I—"

When I came to, I once again found myself in my bed. It felt less like waking up from a dream and more like closing your eyes on a train — that sensation of being in motion without consciously moving yourself. I had slept through half of my classes already, and when I decided to finally check my email again, the wan glow of my laptop illuminated the myriad of rejections that I'd gotten accustomed to reading. I emptied the chicken tender bag onto my plate and watched what was left of my dwindling supply of Luka edits. What would concern a typical person, however, was missing from my mind. All I could think about was Luka's royal rebounds and his European euro steps. In some ways, Luka's magic made my dreams feel more real than my depressing UTD life, and I wanted more.

That night I returned to Luka's deluged world once more and got up to face my GOAT. The usual dream fuzziness was gone; everything was so clear that it was impossible to tell I was still asleep. Even beyond the looks, everything just *felt* real. I traced the lines of my palm, sensing the real blood, sinews, and bone under the surface. This time, I could make it to Luka.

I sat at the shoreline and yelled out to my GOAT: "I LOVE YOU, LUKA!"

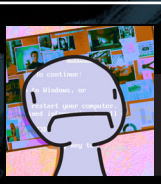
He looked steadily back at me and responded, "*Zelo uživam v krompirjevi musaki,*" with no pause or lapse of speech.

Suddenly I understood everything: why they traded him to the Lakers, how he got so chubby, what he was doing with LeBron. I don't even understand Slovenian, but I could feel the meaning of his words overcome the linguistic boundary as they entered my heart as pure semantics. Just like that, I was whisked away from my GOAT once more.

I awoke in my bed, back in this sallow nightmare we call UTD. I passed my desolate bag of chicken tenders and my empty playlist of Luka edits, but there was nothing left in me that cared. All nightmares are dark dreams, after all — fleeting and transitory. I just had to wake up. I grabbed MJ-levels of Melatonin and shoved them down my arid, aching maw, not needing any water to ease it down. I needed to return to Luka.

I opened my eyes and I was back in the Don's water world. I didn't even look up before I rushed towards my beloved. I couldn't tell where the ground stopped and the watery mirror began, but it carried me all the same. I reached out, tears bursting from my eyes, preparing for Luka's soft yet confident embrace… then it happened. It was just me and Luka — and I think Dirk was in the distance, but it was mostly just me and Luka becoming one. Through his hug, I felt not only his presence, but the presence of every Dallas Mavs NBA all-star player.

I closed my eyes and everything ceased to matter. Was I alive? Was I underwater? Was that former Mavs owner, Mark Cuban in the distance? There was only one thing that I knew now that my metamorphosis was complete: I have become Maverick, shooter of ball.



MUAAZ ABED

junior | computer science

They say not to argue with idiots because they'll drag you down to their level and beat you with experience. Well unfortunately, I found a ladder. You're coming with me.

WRITER

ANN JAYAN

sophomore | computer science

always panicking, but not in the disco sort of way

ARTIST

Thus Spoke Fitch...

Those who walk the grounds of UTD know that a horrible spirit has settled within the campus, evident to all who walk by the endless construction, the empty reflection pools, and the looming brutalist architecture. There is a clear reason that the campus is ranked as one of the most depressing across the United States, and it has been the tireless duty of one man to undo this. The wise and generous Vice President of Student Affairs, Gene Fitch, has graced UTD with his many precepts which, if followed, will allow each student to prosper.

Precept 1: Students Must Be Seen, But Never Heard

When Fitch first came to UTD, the students were still respectful. They played their part in the grand performance of university life, and managed to go about their days without causing a ruckus. Today, students protest and deface very good rocks with their idealism and messages. Such action, such speech, ought not be tolerated. Fitch tells us that if a student yells at a parking attendant, efforts must be made to suspend that student. If students graffiti rocks with their political stances, those rocks must be destroyed. And, if students protest at the Chess Plaza, state troopers must be brought to arrest them. Thus, students may be seen, but swift consequences must fall if they are heard.

Precept 2: Never Let Them Criticize You

The role of the administrator of a university is not, as many would believe, to ensure the facilities on campus work or to make sure students derive value from their education. Instead, their role is to be correct in all things while serving the divine interests of donors and the state legislature. If people criticize your transparency, send in the Dean of Students to call them uncivilized. If people call for divestment from war and apartheid, take a trip to Israel. If people criticize you for violating their free speech rights, ban chalking and destroy the student newspaper. Criticism sows discord, and students will never learn if there is discord on campus. The role of the administrator is to maintain harmony by bending the will of the students to that of the state.

Precept 3: Respect Your Superiors

Hierarchy is the most important thing to any true administrator. Fitch would learn to adore hierarchy and the comfort it brought — there was always someone above you that you could defer to and someone below you to carry out your orders and take the fall for your alleged misdeeds. Hierarchy is comfortable, and it is maintained through a standard of respect. Students must respect their professors and administrators, for these groups are above the student in power. Professors must respect administrators, and administrators respect only that which is directly above them in power or impacts the university's bottom line. Fitch teaches that respect must only go upwards; those below you in hierarchy have not earned respect and thus should not be given it. Consideration and common courtesy for students and faculty is not necessary — they are at most perfunctory towards the mission of a school, which is to make profit.

Precept 4: Obey No Law But Your Own

Bylaws, policies, guidelines, laws — these are all complicated regulations that honestly aren't necessary. All they do is provide "civil rights" groups and students something to complain about. But Fitch knows that those who rule the school need not adhere to laws, they honestly shouldn't even consult lawyers since doing so only clouds the mind with doubt. Doubt and introspection are the greatest threat to administrators. If you allow doubt to permeate throughout your office, your divine domain, then you will begin to ask yourself if you have made mistakes or ever erred in how you handle crises on campus — and that would be unacceptable! An administrator can never admit to mistakes, for that is not possible. The only law that exists is the law Fitch sets forth on a case-by-case basis. Regulations are malleable and can be easily rewritten and changed without telling people. Why waste months navigating through a bureaucratic maze just to get an approval you already have? Otherwise you wouldn't have been given such a powerful position. What Fitch teaches is to live in the moment and follow your heart, to seize every opportunity to develop the Comet community, irrespective of what rules might actually already be in place. Final authority ultimately rests in the administrator, and so students, faculty, staff, and outside meddlers should know that the only law, the best law, is that inscribed within the mind of Fitch.

Precept 5: Don't Hesitate

Everything is always changing. An administrator must be wry and quick on their feet. Hesitation is weakness which feral students will immediately pounce upon; as such, there should be no hesitation in how an administrator acts. Each action is already ordained by the institution, and the use of violent force, of a censorious regime, and of chilling words and funding threats are all ample tools that can and ought to be used the moment the need arises. Fitch teaches his followers that it is always easier to demand forgiveness after the fact than to ask for permission beforehand. If you have already done something, it is difficult for the institutional structure of a university to undo it, so might as well go ahead and just do things. No one can or should stop you, and if students do consider interfering, Fitch teaches that one should simply refer to earlier precepts: by quickly and aggressively suppressing students, disorder is replaced with prosperity.

A Final Postulation…

The five precepts of Fitch are a core part of Student Affairs operations, and students who wish to truly embrace the Comet spirit and avoid the cruel ire of Temoc must bend the knee. As a business and STEM school built in the style of a brutalist fever dream, UTD makes no space for independent students. Fitch has seen that the Vice President of Student Affairs does not merely facilitate student life and events on campus, but instead dictates precisely what affairs students may even have. While religious chalking is of course permissible, students who engage in political art have stepped beyond the pale. Fitch knows that universities are not political, how could maintaining and facilitating that status quo ever be a political action? Fitch teaches that it is not. What is political is to dissent, to be different. As an aspiring Texas university, such flights of fantasy will no longer be permitted at UTD.

All glory to Temoc and Benson.

Thus spoke Fitch.

GREGORIO OLIVARES-GUTIERREZ
sophomore | philosophy
how can I know that I am me when the perception of self I hold seems to be so malleable? rather easily, I liked mangoes yesterday and I continue to like them today.
WRITER

YIYI DING
sophomore | atec
sold my soul to the adobe suite (oh and also the devil)
ARTIST

by: rainier pederson

We're not going back.

AMP

ampatutd@gmail.com
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ampatutd.com